

THE FUTURE.

What may we take into the vast forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
No flame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we wear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gems
Of all our toiling; in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
No guilts, no stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here;
No word came with our coming to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us,
Naked we glide;
No hand has mapped the constellation o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,
Our footsteps fare;
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

THE BOY WHO COULD NOT BE HURT.

David Ker, in Harper's Young People.

I.

Many, many years ago, about the time that Hendrick Hudson was smoking his first pipe with the Manhattan Indians on the site of New York, a group of school-boys were assembled one quiet summer evening in front of a house in the quiet little Swedish village of Hornelen.

"That's where the nest is, up there by the corner of the highest window," said one. "But who's to get it?"

"Oh! can't you really, Karl?" piped a poor little pale-faced cripple in the centre of the group. "That's just the egg I've been wanting ever so long. Can't you get it somehow?"

"I wish I could, little one, if only for your sake; but I've tried it twice, and got nothing but a good tumble for my pains."

"And so has Austrian Moritz here—haven't you, old fellow?" cried another, clapping the shoulder of a slim, dark-haired boy, who was spending his holidays at Hornelen with one of his father's Swedish friends.

"True enough," said Moritz von Arnheim, with a grimace. "But here comes Johnny Banner, and he'll do it if any one can."

"Hurrah for the boy that can't be hurt!" shouted several voices, as a big square-built lad, with a bold, bluff, sunburned face, joined the group. "Why, Johnny, man, how dusty you are!"

"And so would you be, if you'd just been run over by a wagon," grunted Johnny.

"Run over by a wagon!" echoed the boys, staring.

"Just so. You see, I was up in the big elm yonder, having a swing on one of the boughs, when Farmer Jansen, not seeing me, let fly at a rook that had perched there, and put a charge of shot through my cap. Look here;" and he held up the riddled cap to view.

"Another escape, I declare," laughed Moritz. "We shall have to call you 'Jack-of-Nine-Lives,' at this rate."

"So then, as you may think," pursued Johnny, "I came down again faster than I went up, and got into the road just in time to meet old Nils, the carrier, rattling along at his usual slap-dash pace. In trying to avoid him, I slipped and fell right before the cart, and horse and cart and all went merrily over me. Luckily I had fallen lengthwise, so that the wheels went on each side of me, and here I am, all right."

"Well, old boy," cried Karl, "here's another chance for you. Try if you can get those eggs up yonder for little Olaf. None of us can."

The words were hardly spoken, when Banner was over the fence, and the next moment he was seen scrambling up the side of the house by the notches which time and weather had made in the masonry. Once he slipped, and came down with a run; but he only set his hard mouth a little more firmly, and went to work again. Inch by inch he worked his way upward, the boys holding their breath as they watched him, until at length a general shout proclaimed that he had got a firm hold of the ivy.

Once there, the rest was easy. Another minute brought him within reach of the nest, and the eggs were carefully stowed away in a kind of pouch in the breast of his jacket.

Just then the village school-master came by, and seeing what was going on, cried, indignantly, "You cruel boy! it would serve you right if you were to fall and injure yourself."

The words were truer than he intended, for Banner, startled by the shout, lost his hold and fell headlong to the ground. A cry of horror burst from the lookers-on, who were all over the fence in an instant, and the old teacher, dismayed at the effect of his rebuke, was not the hindmost. But to their amazement they found that "the boy who could not be hurt" had deserved his name once more. He had alighted upon a heap of straw, and though stunned and slightly bruised, was otherwise not a whit the worse.

"All right, boys," said he, faintly, "the eggs aren't broken, anyhow. Here, Olaf, and he put his prize into the trembling hands of the little cripple, who was crying bitterly.

"God bless thee, my brave lad," said the old teacher, losing all his anger in honest admiration of the boy's courage. "Thou art one who will be heard of yet."

II.

"Stand firm, lads! we'll beat them yet," shouted a tall, handsome man in the uniform of an Austrian Colonel, who was doing his best to keep his men steady in the crisis of one of the hardest battles of the Thirty Years' War.

Few of his old playmates would have recognized little Moritz von Arnheim in that bearded face and towering figure; but it was he nevertheless, and the soldiers who were pressing him so hard were men from the very part of Sweden where he had once spent his holidays.

"Forward, my Swedes!" roared a tremendous voice from the other side, and through the rolling smoke in front broke a long line of glittering pike-heads and stern faces, sweeping down upon them like a mighty sea. There was a crash and a terrible cry, and the Austrian ranks were rolled together like leaves before the wind.

Foremost among the Swedes, as they swept

onward with a joyous cheer, was a big red-bearded man with the plumed hat of a General, whose face every Austrian leader knew to his cost.

"Here's that fellow again," growled the Colonel. "He shan't escape this time, anyhow."

He discharged his pistol full at the General's broad breast, but the ball glanced off as if from a rock, and the next moment Colonel Von Arnheim and his horse were rolling in the dust together, under the very feet of the Swedish pikemen.

"Don't hurt him, on your lives!" roared the General. "Take him to my tent, and keep him safe till I come."

"Ha!" muttered the Colonel, "I ought to know that voice. A strange adventure, truly, if this be indeed he!"

But all his doubts were ended a few hours later when the Swedish General came striding into the tent, and holding out his huge brown hand, said, with a broad grin:

"Do you know me, friend Moritz?"

"John Banner, sure enough!" cried Von Arnheim, grasping the offered hand cordially. "Well, I see you're still 'the boy who can't be hurt,' for I'm certain I saw my bullet hit you right in the breast."

"Hitting's not killing," answered Banner, throwing open his uniform, and showing a breast-plate of fine steel underneath. "I've had many a narrower escape than that since I climbed for the nest at Hornelen."

"Well, speaking for myself, I'm very glad you have escaped," said the Colonel; "but for the sake of Austria and the imperial flag, I rather wish that heap of straw hadn't been there."

Banner answered with a hearty laugh, and the two old comrades, thus strangely reunited, spent a very merry evening together.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

Donald Archer, a grazier, living near Paisley, in Scotland, in the latter part of the last century, had long kept a fine dog, for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains.

The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it; but, on the puppy being caressed, the old sheep-dog invariably snarled and appeared greatly dissatisfied. And, when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at length made him leave the house; and, notwithstanding every research, his master was never able to discover his abode.

About four years after his elopement, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighboring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and set out on his return home. Having proceeded about ten miles on his journey, he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence as to cause him to look for a place of shelter. A snake that came from some bushes convinced him that he was near a house; accordingly, he crossed a path, and came to the door, knocked, and demanded admission. The landlord, a surly looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated. Our traveler was hardly before the fire, when he was saluted with equal surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at thus unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home, but did not think proper to inquire of his host, at that time, how he came into his possession.

He did not like the house he was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and family; but to go out in the wood during the night, and to encounter the violence of the conflicting elements, night, in all probability, turn out more fatally than to remain where he was. He therefore resolved to wait the return of morning; and, after a short conversation, he was conducted to an apartment, and left to take his repose.

It may be here necessary to inform the reader that from the first moment of Archer's arrival the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveler began to revolve in his mind the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of the inmates of the house, the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed, and by several extraordinary gestures endeavored to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room. He accordingly went thither, and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror. The floor was stained with blood, which seemed to flow out of a closet, that was secured by a lock, which he in vain attempted to force. No longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches into whose society he had fallen, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, and either to perish in the attempt or effect his deliverance.

With this determination he pulled out his pistols and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect, like the bristles of a boar, bent on destruction. He reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened attentively for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation between several persons whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intention. The villainous landlord was informing them, in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him for the purpose of obtaining the money.

Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in using his utmost exertion to save his life. He, therefore, without hesitation, burst in among them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat. The rest of the gang were struck with astonishment at so sudden an attack; while the grazier made for the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran until daylight enabled him to perceive a house, and the main road

at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that had been seen to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party that were quartered upon him, the sergeant of which accompanied the grazier in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the faithful dog were now more than ever rendered conspicuous; for, by running before the company, and his singular behavior, he led them to the desired spot.

On entering the house not a living creature was to be seen. All had deserted it. They therefore began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveler, who was afterwards advertised throughout all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fire-place with his feet, in such a manner as to excite the curiosity of all present. The sergeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap-door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck by the grazier. The wretches in their quick retreat had thrown him in among those who had formerly fallen victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery. He was, however, cured of his wounds, and brought to justice.

I need hardly add, that old Brutus was taken home again and received more caresses even than the puppy which had caused his jealous elopement.—*Youth and Pleasure.*

TWO CURIOUS NEEDLES.

The King of Prussia recently visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery the human hand could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marveled how such minute articles could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. He placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and handed the singular needle to the astonished King.

The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the column Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle, moreover, can be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.—*Scientific American.*

THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

The legend of the Cherokee rose is as pretty as the flower itself. An Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire. And as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a young dark-faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain, and wishing to save his life, urged him to escape; but he would not do so unless she would flee with him. She consented. Yet before she had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return, for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent, and preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known between the capes of Florida and throughout the Southern States by the name of the Cherokee rose.

A WONDERFUL MAUSOLEUM.

Cuttingsville, Vermont, can probably boast of one of the handsomest tombs in America. John P. Bowman, a native of that place, has just completed a tomb in memory of his wife and daughter at a cost of from \$70,000 to \$75,000. The structure is of granite, a miniature copy of one of the Athenian temples, except that it is slightly pyramidal in form. The building alone, with foundations and without ornamentation, cost \$55,000, and as it is not more than twenty feet deep and twelve or fourteen feet high, some idea may be obtained of its massiveness. The door is of bronze, with an inner door of granite weighing six tons. The inside of the tomb is of marble, and it contains busts of Mr. Bowman, his wife, daughter, and infant. Mirrors are set in the sides and at the angles between the sides and back, and the statuary is so placed that the mirrors give the effect of a long vista of galleries filled with statuary. At the entrance stands a life-sized statue of Mr. Bowman, in the most advanced style of modern realism, with hat and gloves in one hand and a wreath of immortelles in the other. In addition to building the tomb Mr. Bowman is fitting up the grounds of the cemetery, which is known as Laurel Glen. He has built a massive granite wall along the front some fifty rods, and will lay out the grounds with turf, trees and fountains, and a conservatory. G. B. Croft is the architect. Over 1,000 persons have already visited the tomb, and it bids fair to be one of the big show places in the State.—*Troy Times.*

What would be the state of the highways of life if we did not drive our thought-sprinklers through them, with valve open, sometimes.—*Holmes.*

"People," says a modern philosopher, "go according to their brains; if these lie in their head, they study; if in their stomach, they eat; if in their heels, they dance."

CARE OF FOWLS.

The comb is a sure index of the state of the fowl's health. The Spanish and Leghorn frequently have immense combs. I have seen cocks of both breeds where the comb from the base to the tip of the extreme point has stood fully three inches. This is no exaggeration, for I have raised them of both varieties. In a symmetrical bird the wattles should be correspondingly long. The combs will not grow to full size unless they are well kept. These combs and wattles are filled with blood, and are of brilliant scarlet when in condition and perfect health. Any disarrangement of the internal organs is indicated immediately by the combs. At first it will become vermilion, then paler still, if the cause be not removed, until it is nearly blanched and becomes limp. It should be borne in mind, however, that the hen's combs are never so large when not in laying. With the cock the comb never fades after once attaining its full growth, unless out of order. There should never be undue haste in driving the fowls to the block on the first appearance of faded comb. Many times the cause may be removed entirely. Where a thorough knowledge of the habits and symptoms is possessed, some simple remedy applied in time is of great benefit. Very suddenly this summer my laying hens ceased dropping the eggs, and showed faded, wilted combs. They were in confinement. Upon examination, I found their perches gathering vermin. I immediately whitewashed every crack and crevice, covering the whole, thus eradicating the enemy, gave more air, and they soon recovered, and commenced laying again. Fowls not in health will not lay.—*C. B., in Country Gentleman.*

TO KEEP GUN BARRELS FROM RUSTING.

The farmers' gun is almost an essential thing to have in the house. There has always been some difficulty in keeping the barrels from rusting. The alkaline matter existing in snow and in rain, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, works through the best coatings, and reaches the iron. Varnish, as ordinarily laid on, is objectionable, as it gives a gun a "Brummag" look. The best plan is the following: Heat the barrels to the temperature of boiling water (not any hotter, or you may injure them), and rub them with the best copal varnish, giving them a plentiful coating. Let them remain hot half an hour, and then wipe them clean with a soft rag. In this way you can get enough of the varnish into the pores of the metal to act as a preservative; at the same time, no one would suspect that the barrels had ever been touched with varnish. We have applied boiled oil, beeswax, paraffin, and some other substances in the same way, and obtained good results; but on the whole, we find nothing better than good copal varnish.

ANCIENT VIEWS OF THE MOON.

Nor is it to be marveled at, when we consider that this planet was the most brilliant and changeable, as well as the nearest and apparently largest celestial body that presented itself to their nightly view, and that in the clear, exquisite ether of Arabian skies, and the calm nights of India and Egypt, it shone among the heavenly host with a lustre unknown to dwellers in the crowded cities of a northern clime.

But the children of these tropic lands did something more than gaze, speculate, and admire. With supreme patience they reared lofty towers and grand pyramids, and invented instruments which have led up step by step to the transit instrument, the micrometer and the telescope of to-day. A college of astronomy was founded by the priesthood of Egypt, the worship of the moon growing out of their frequent use of her pictured or carved image in making their meteorological announcements to the people; as, for instance, when the Nile was about to overflow, warning heralds were sent through the streets bearing aloft the familiar symbol of the river goddess, and a gilded figure of the moon in the phase it would present at the date of the expected rising.

In the course of time, the signification was forgotten, the symbol was worshipped, and finally what it represented deified. The moon no longer appeared to the unlettered populace as merely a brilliant lamp suspended from a revolving dome, and shining until extinguished by the waters of the ocean, but now was looked upon with awe as a region of sublime mysteries.

The veneration of the moon gradually spread with population to all parts of the world. We have records of ancient Chinese ceremonies; relics found among Druidical remains in Western Europe; accounts of astronomical picture-writings of a religious character, and lunar calendars of gold, silver, and stone, discovered in ancient temple ruins in Mexico, Central and South America.

Among the buildings devoted to lunar worship may be mentioned the wonderful Temple of Diana at Ephesus, built at the combined expense of the nations of Asia, and the magnificent mansion of the moon adjoining the Temple of the Sun in ancient Cuzco. This building was in form a pyramidal pavilion, with doors and enclosures completely incrustured with glittering silver. Within, on the southern wall, was a painting in white, representing the moon as a beautiful woman. On either side along the eastern and western walls, on massive thrones of silver, were seated the dead Queens of Peru, embalmed and arrayed in regal splendor.—*F. E. Fryatt, in Popular Science Monthly.*

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

DIVIDED.

Two little children, playing in the sun.
Two winsome faces, sparkling o'er with fun.
Two merry voices, ringing clear and loud.
Two happy, throbbing hearts without one cloud.

One little child, with thoughts too sad for play.
One childish face, o'ershadowed all the day.
One gentle voice, all musical and low.
One tender heart, bowed down by weight of woe.

One little mound, new-made, where flowers bloom.
One quiet form, beneath the veiling gloom.
One merry voice is hushed; its music fled.
One throbbing heart is stilled. One darling, dead.

One little child, oft gazing up on high.
One gracious God who hears the mourner's cry.
One tender heart finds comfort from above—
One joy remains to crown an earthly love.

One little form, with brightest garlands crowned.
One angel face, whose lustre shines around.
One joyous voice, whose angel-singer more—
One loving heart has reached life's other shore.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BENEFITS OF SELECTING SEED.—If the saving of only the best seeds be persisted in, the beneficial results are not long in following, as witness the following report of W. H. Benton, of Virginia. He says: "About twenty-five years ago, I commenced to pick out a small quantity of the best ears of corn when husking. The corn thus selected was planted by itself, and had a better yield than the rest of the field. Every year since I have been saving more each year, picking out when the corn was husked, and spreading it aloft until Spring. When I first commenced saving seed, it took 600 ears to make a barrel, while in the last few years it has taken but 25 ears to make a barrel. The corn is white, flinty, and weighs over fifty-six pounds to the bushel."—*Tribune Farmer.*

WHEN TO CUT TIMBER.—We find the item below in an exchange, and give it place that our readers may see how far it agrees with their own experience: "An old, experienced farmer says that hickory cut in July or August will not become worm-eaten. Oak, chestnut, walnut, or other timber cut from the middle of July to the last of August, will last twice as long as when cut in winter. White oak cut at this season, if kept off the ground, will season through if two feet in diameter, and remain perfectly sound for many years. Whereas, if cut in Winter or Spring it will become sap-rotten in a few years."

THE WOOL OF SHEEP.—*The American Cultivator* says of the wool of sheep that it deteriorates with the animal's advance in age. The first and second fleeces are the most valuable. After this, except in the care of wethers, the fleeces grow lighter. This is particularly so with fleeces taken from ewes. Fleeces also grow coarser with increasing age of sheep. The coarse wool on the hind legs, which in young, well-bred sheep is always small in quantity, increases in bulk as the sheep grows older, thus reducing the value of the clip. In order to keep up the wool clip of a flock of Merino sheep to a high standard of quality, the old sheep must needs be annually culled out, and their places supplied by lambs. The younger the flock of sheep the better the wool and the heavier the clip.

THE MANURE HEAP.—The mine of wealth to a farmer is his manure heap. Upon his ability to get a large one depends his profits, to a great extent. An exchange gives the following practical advice to farmers: Manure should be forked over occasionally to make it fine. If it is heating, then muck or loam should be mixed with it to absorb the ammonia which is formed during the process of decomposition. Sprinkling the manure pile with ground plaster is advisable. The plaster will absorb any ammonia which escapes from the pile and save it for the use of growing plants. Ammonia is too valuable an element of plant food to allow it to be wasted. Again, upon some lands plaster is an excellent fertilizer. A great deal of material to add to the heap could often be got together, and the heap made to grow in size considerably.

CLEAN STABLES AND GOOD BUTTER.—Referring to the butter show at Greenfield, Mass., the Hon. Richard Goodman says, in the *Ploughman*, that he finds that in each and every case successful butter makers exercise the greatest care in keeping their cattle clean, and this is the conclusion he arrives at: Here we have common ground of their success—cleanliness in the stable. And hand in hand with this goes cleanliness in the milk room. It would seem, then, that while improved systems of setting, and improved churns and workers, and salt, may save much time and labor and anxiety, and secure more uniformity, they are not indispensable—that is, first, good butter can be made without the improved machinery; and, second, good butter cannot be made without clean cows, eating clean food and breathing clean air, and clean milk, set and handled in clean utensils and in a clean atmosphere. Something, of course, depends on the breed of cows, and we think the show at Greenfield proves that the more Jerseys we have in our herd the better our butter will be.

THINGS TO MAKE A NOTE OF.

STEAMED RICE.—One of the best ways to cook rice is to steam it—best because it is no trouble; all that is needed is to be sure to put in plenty of water. If you wish for rice pudding and have not planned for it hours before, by cooking the rice in this way you can have it in a surprisingly short time. One cup of rice will make croquettes and pudding enough for a family of four.

CHEAP SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, two table-spoonsful of water and a teaspoonful of sugar mixed together; a teaspoonful and a half of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt stirred quickly in; season with a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, or half a lemon; bake in a quick oven. It can be baked in jelly-cake pans, and have pastry cooks' cream, lemon, icing, or chocolate between.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Take sufficient stale bread to make a pudding the size you require; pour boiling water over it. After it is soaked well, take a fork and see that no lumps of bread remain; then add half a cupful of grated cocoanut, make a custard of one quart of milk and four eggs, flavor with nutmeg (of course you will sweeten it with white sugar); pour over and bake immediately.

PEPPER SAUCE.—Take twenty-five peppers, without the seeds, cut them pretty fine; then take more than double the quantity of cabbage, cut like slaw; one root of horseradish, grated; a handful of salt, rather more than a tablespoonful of mustard seed, a tablespoonful of cloves, the same of allspice, ground; simmer a sufficient quantity of vinegar to cover it, and pour over it, mixing well through.

HOW TO TREAT A COLD.—When you get chilly all over and away into your bones, and begin to sniffle and almost struggle for your breath, just begin in time, and your tribulation need not last very long. Get some powdered borax and snuff the dry powder up your nostrils. Get your camphor-bottle and smell it frequently; pour some on your handkerchief, and wipe your nose with it whenever needed. Your nose will not get sore, and you will soon wonder what has become of your cold. Begin this treatment in the forenoon, and keep on at intervals until you go to bed, and you will sleep as well as you ever did.